

The strangest modern story of adventure among a people thousands of years old, with manners and customs like the ancient Greeks—by André Laurie, who bids fair to outdo Jules Verne—continued in THE EVENING JOURNAL.

news of to-day's events in the European war crisis, the most accurate and reliable news of professional and amateur sports (on the Sporting Page), and the Funniest Funny Page in town, this afternoon in THE EVENING JOURNAL.

JOURNAL TO FREE ONA MELTON.

Publicity Given His Case Causes the State Department to Make Formal Demand for His Release.

Strong Hopes That Before the Present Week Is Over the Brave Young American Will Be a Free Man Once More.

Secretary Sherman Is Familiar with All the Details of the Schooner Competitor Case and Has Worked Hard to Force Spain to Yield.

Washington, April 11.—As one of the first effects of the publicity given the case of the Competitor's crew, and their present condition, the State Department has made its demand upon Spain for the release of Ona Melton, has backed it up strongly with law, and it hopes, before the week is out, to have the prisoner released. In fact intimations have been made to the

him to proceed with a demand for the release of the prisoner. Mr. Rockhill examined the treaty of 1795 as it relates to courts of justice, to the Spanish laws of 1821 and to the protocol of 1877, concerning the judicial procedure. He made it clear that the trial of Melton was not according to the principle of these instruments and laws, that Melton had not been taken with arms

BERRY WANTS MELTON RELEASED.

Washington, April 11.

To W. R. Hearst, New York.

I am glad to know there is a movement in favor of the release of young Ona Melton by the Spanish Government. He is a young Arkansas boy, and when he was arrested, nearly two years ago, the entire Arkansas delegation went to the State Department and urged his release. I must say that I think Secretary Olney did all that he could in the case. He is an innocent boy, who went along with the Competitor expedition because he thought he could help himself along in the career he had chosen for himself. There is no doubt of that. I shall be greatly gratified to hear of his release.

JAMES H. BERRY,
United States Senator from Arkansas.

department that such a course is to be taken by Spain, now that she realizes that this Administration is not to adopt the weak-kneed policy of the preceding one.

In going to the State Department, Secretary Sherman took with him all the details of the Competitor case, which were made known to him as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs one year ago, when a special investigation was made.

Sherman's Prompt Action.

He recently called Assistant Secretary Rockhill into consultation and instructed

in his possession, had not been made aware of the nature of the charges against him, and was not given the right to compel witnesses to appear and give testimony. Spain saw that it was useless to hold out against a Government that showed fight and she promptly backed down. The order for Melton's release, therefore, may be expected.

The protocol concerning judicial procedure, which was the most effective portion of Secretary Sherman's demand, was signed by our Minister, Caleb Cushing, and the Span-

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Ona Melton, Who May Soon Be Set Free.

He is a prisoner in Havana, and through the efforts of the Journal to the Department of State his release will probably be ordered by Spain in a short time. He is a native American, and went to Cuba as the correspondent of a Jacksonville paper. He shipped on the schooner Competitor, which was seized by the Spanish for filibustering. Although Melton had no arms with him, he was sentenced to death by a Spanish court martial. Since then he has remained in Fortress Cabana with the rest of the Competitor's crew.



Elliott F. Shepard and His Bride, Who Was Once Miss Esther Wiggins.

YOUNG Elliott Fitch Shepard, the only son of the late Colonel Shepard, and whose mother is a sister of Cornelius Vanderbilt, drove to the parsonage of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church Saturday evening, in company with Deacon Irwin and Miss Julia Beard, and was married to Mrs. Esther Potter, the young widow of a former resident of Orient Point, Greenport, L. I. The marriage has caused a sensation in society, as the bride has never moved in the same social circles as the groom's family. She is twenty-seven years old, while Mr. Shepard is twenty years of age.

WHEELWOMEN FIGHT A FIRE.

Exciting Blaze on Conover's Meadows, Near Coney Island.

CYCLERS SCORCHED TO IT.

Miss Alice McHenry Distinguished Herself and Had a Nice, Quiet Time, Too.

Bicyclers, women and men, formed themselves into a volunteer fire department last evening and bravely fought a fire on Conover's Meadows. This stretch of land, covered with weeds, reeds, cane grass and "cat-tails," lies between Brighton Beach race track and West Brighton, Coney Island. Desolate as they are, the meadows are not uninhabited. Squalls and tumble-down huts dot them, in which colored people dwell. The Smith street trolley cars that run from Brooklyn to Coney Island pass through the meadows.

In some way or other, the grass and weeds, which were dry, caught fire at 6 o'clock last evening and a blaze sprang up about 500 yards from the Brighton Beach race track on the one side and from Neptune avenue, Coney Island, on the other. The wind was not blowing hard, but the fire quickly spread and the squatters whose huts were nearest, became scared, almost panic stricken. They did not try to put out the fire, they did not try to call the engines. They bundled up their household belongings and fled, their wives and little ones running after them. The scene was a miniature picture of a prairie fire done in charcoal.

The avenues in Coney Island and the roads thereabout were crowded with wheelwomen and wheelmen, who, when they saw the smoke and the spreading flames scurried to that fire. Some hundreds of them started in to put out the fire. People who live in the neighborhood joined them, hurrying from their homes with buckets and hoses. The men quickly formed a bucket brigade, while many women carried sand, which they threw on the blazing grass to choke the fire.

The smoke made the women weep and cough, and the heat scorched their faces and hands, but they kept at it. Excitement was added by the flames that leaped up to the trolley wire over the car track. Twenty feet of the wire was melted and at the broken ends fell, electric sparks sizzled, and sent out a brilliant, but deadly display of fireworks.

After half an hour an engine came from Brighton Beach and another from Sheepshead Bay. In another fifteen minutes the fire was extinguished after burning over about two acres and destroying half a dozen huts. Then it was discovered that some of the energetic volunteer firemen and women had been painfully burned. Surrounded by their sympathetic fellows they hurried to Chambers's drug store, on Surf avenue, Coney Island, leaving the homeless squatters lamenting, and a force of workmen repairing the trolley wires. Until the repairs were made the trolley cars ran over the old Slocum road.

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INFANT PAIR TWICE MARRIED.

Young Atkinson and Ada Byrd Again United at Chattanooga.

EVERY ONE IS SATISFIED.

Parents of Both the Children Witness the Nuptial Ceremony.

Chattanooga, Tenn., April 11.—The son of Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, and Ada Byrd, the Atlanta schoolgirl, were married again to-day, the knot being tied at the residence of L. C. Mansfield, on Oak street, in this city. The boy and girl eloped a week ago from Atlanta and went to Kensington, where they were married. They then went to Rome, Ga. News of the elopement was immediately conveyed to Governor Atkinson and Mr. Byrd, and they offered a reward of \$200 for the apprehension of the fugitive couple. They were found at Rome and taken back to Atlanta. Governor Atkinson held his son a prisoner in the Executive Mansion. Numerous councils between the Byrd and Atkinson families were held, and the marriage here to-day in the presence of the parents was the result.

The bride arrived Saturday night and was driven to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield. The following party arrived this morning: Governor W. Y. Atkinson, Attorney-General Terrell, of Georgia; Judge Spencer C. Atkinson, Charles P. Northern, Captain Oscar J. Brown and W. J. Atkinson, Jr. They were all present at the ceremony this morning, with the Mansfield family and Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Grady, of this city.

Dr. MacDonald, of Atlanta, performed the ceremony, and when it was concluded the bride burst into tears. The couple left for Nashville, where they will spend their honeymoon.

The wedding gown of Miss Byrd was her first long dress, a pretty dark blue and white plaid. The boy groom was attired in a light suit. He has the appearance of a fourteen-year-old lad. The newly wedded couple will live with the boy's father.

Governor Atkinson's eleven-year-old son attended the wedding. Before leaving his mother she told him not to get married before his return. She did not attend the wedding.

AN OLD PILOT DEAD.

Captain John Phillips, for Thirty-seven Years in Active Service, Dies at the Smith Infirmary.

Captain John Phillips, one of the oldest New York and Sandy Hook pilots, died late Saturday afternoon at the S. R. Smith Infirmary, New Brighton, Staten Island. He was more than seventy years of age, and had held a pilot's license since September 3, 1860.

Although showing his age, Captain Phillips worked until within a short time of his death. Fellow pilots wanted him to retire, offering to carry him as a working pilot, but he refused until the last, and was taken sick a few days ago while still on duty.

PARENTS FIGHT A GERRY AGENT.

He Was Taking Little Rosa to the Society's Rooms.

CAUGHT SELLING CANDY.

Father and Mother Jumped Into the Wagon and Tried to Rescue Her.

SYMPATHETIC CROWD HOOTED.

The Police Drove Them Away, Hauled Mrs. Greenstein from the Wagon, but Could Not Budge Greenstein.

A crowd of excited people in Essex street yesterday afternoon saw little Rosa Greenstein torn from her father and mother by an agent of the Gerry Society. The frightened child wept bitterly, her parents fought vigorously to regain her, and the people sympathizing with them were so violently demonstrative that the police drove them away.

Rosa is seven years old and lives at No. 55 Allen street. At 10 o'clock on Saturday night Agent Pissaro found the child selling candy on Grand street. There can be no doubt that a child of tender years should not be alone on Grand street, on Saturday



night particularly. So Pissaro questioned Rosa, who is intelligent and self-confident. "My mamma and papa are poor," she said. "They sent me out to make a little money by selling these lozenges."

Pissaro led her to the Gerry Society's rooms, where she passed the night. Yesterday he took her to the Essex Market Police Court. Greenstein, his wife, their neighbors, as indignantly with many gestures, in court. Shrilly and with many gestures, Rosa's father and mother declared their daughter is a good girl and that they take the tenderest care of her. Pissaro, however, suggested that he look into Rosa's surroundings, and Magistrate Cornell committed her to the society's care until to-morrow.

The agent took a firm grasp of Rosa's wrist and led the weeping girl toward the street. Greenstein, Mrs. Greenstein and the neighbors followed, rending the air with protestations and lamentations. In the doorway Mrs. Greenstein seized Rosa by the arm and, dragging her away from Pissaro, she started to run with her. But in her haste Mrs. Greenstein fell, pulled down Rosa and they rolled on the pavement.

Pissaro quickly picked up the child, put her in the society's wagon, which stood before the Court House door, and seated himself beside her. The crowd was constantly augmented by the curious, who ran out of houses around and from Grand street, where they were sunning themselves.

Mrs. Greenstein shrieked, "Give me my child, give me my Rosa!" and jumped into the wagon. Greenstein, yelling, too, mounted the driver's box. The policemen of the Court Squad came running out. Father, mother and Pissaro had a wrestling match for the possession of Rosa, who yelled at the top of her young and lusty lungs. The crowd hooted, men crying "Shame!" and women exclaiming to each other that a hated Gerry agent was taking a child from her mother. The police hurried here and there, threatening and coaxing people to move on.

The hysterical Mrs. Greenstein was hauled from the wagon, the driver whipped up his horses and drove off with Greenstein, who had fought with all his might, still on the box. And Rosa slept last night again in the society's rooms.

Neighbors of the Greensteins said Rosa was well cared for. If Pissaro confirms that, the girl will be restored to her parents.

SAW BURGLAR IN A MIRROR

Mrs. Noffa Attacked Him with a Broom. The Fellow Ran for It, but Was Caught.

Had not Mrs. Kate Noffa, woman-like, looked into the mirror, William Rogers would not have been in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday on a charge of burglary. Mrs. Noffa lives in the third flat at No. 437 West Twenty-eighth street.

Saturday afternoon, while she was alone, her mirror showed her a man tip-toeing across the front room. She confronted the intruder with a broom. The robber had entered a closet, and was coming out with a suit of clothes, besides which he had a couple of vases taken from the mantel.

With a big chisel he had forced an entrance. With this weapon he menaced the woman. As she drew back he dashed down the stairs, the woman following him yelling "Stop thief!" at the top of her voice. A storekeeper named Walker grabbed the thief and he dropped his plunder and the chisel. He broke loose and ran down the street, with men and boys in frantic pursuit.

Policeman Gorman finally caught him. The prisoner described himself as William Rodgers, of No. 448 West Forty-eighth street. The police say his true name is Kelly, and that he has been in trouble before. Magistrate Wentworth fixed bail at \$1,500 and held the prisoner for further examination.

WHO THE NEW MRS. SHEPARD IS.

Was Formerly Miss Esther Wiggins, of Greenport, L. I.

MARRIED AT SIXTEEN.

Became a Widow Four Years Ago and Then Came to the City to Live.

MRS. SHEPARD, SR.'S, CONSENT.

The Young Bridegroom Tells an Old Family Servant That He Had Obtained It—Was There a Civil Ceremony?

That portion of New York society which clusters about Murray Hill was unquestionably amazed when it awoke to learn yesterday morning that Elliott Fitch Shepard, the only son of the widowed sister of Cornelius Vanderbilt, had taken unto himself a bride. Members of the Vanderbilt family have given society some matrimonial surprises in the past, but nothing such as young Mr. Shepard gave it by his marriage to Mrs. Esther Potter on Saturday evening.

Mr. Shepard is twenty years old; his bride twenty-seven. That is, of course, interesting, but what society more particularly wants to know is who she is and what his family thinks about it.

The Shepard family refers all inquiries to Lawyer William Irwin. He is a stepson of the Rev. John Hall, who performed the ceremony; Mr. Irwin is a deacon in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and was the only male witness of the marriage. But Deacon Irwin is disinclined to say anything about this interesting matrimonial alliance. He insists that he has already said quite enough.

As to who she is—the inquiry, of course, referring to the family and antecedents of the bride—may be said, that she was, until her first marriage, Miss Esther Wiggins, of Greenport, L. I., and that she was a particularly beautiful young woman. There are few women in New York now who can outgrow her or outshine her in gems. Whenever she appears in public places, such as the park, or on the drive, or at places of amusement, she has always demanded and received a generous amount of attention.

Father a Country Merchant.

Her father kept a general store at Greenport, where he sold such things as keepers of general stores always sell. Incidentally he kept ice, and the ice was a very important article in Wiggins's store, for it brought him into contact with hundreds of yachtmen, who put into Greenport every season for supplies. Esther Wiggins, in her girlhood, was a great favorite not only with the yachtmen, but with the young men of the village as well. After school hours she would help her father, now and then, in serving sugar and tea to anxious customers. Finally she was wooed and won and the lucky man was Alphonso Potter. His widowed mother had a country place at Orient Point, Greenport, and his father had been a sea captain. The fact that Alphonso was twenty-nine and Esther but sixteen made no difference, and so they were married. They lived together but two years, and then came a separation by mutual consent.

This happened nearly nine years ago. After the separation Mrs. Potter would back to her father's house. She no longer sold sugar and tea, but she had many opportunities of meeting the gold-braided young men of the New York, Atlantic and Larchmont Yacht clubs and she made many conquests. She remained there until seven years ago, when she came to this city. From that time until the present she has always been conspicuous for her beauty.

Five years ago, when she was twenty-two years old, her name, Mrs. E. Potter, appeared on the bill in the vestibule of the flat house at No. 225 West Forty-third street. That was in the Fall and she remained there until the following June when she gave up her apartments, and went to Greenport to visit her mother, who was then a widow. At about this time she also became a widow, for Alphonso Potter died in California.

Mrs. Potter remained at Greenport all that Summer, but not in mourning. Returning in the Fall she again took up her residence in West Forty-third street, and remained in the same apartments until June, 1895. Then she again went to Greenport, and was frequently a guest at yacht parties and other social functions.

Taken to a Hospital.

Returning to the city in October of this year, she went to live at No. 25 West Sixty-fifth street. Her apartments at this address were handsomely furnished and she drove in the Park on pleasant afternoons in her victoria. In April, 1896, Mrs. Potter was taken very ill and it was decided that she must go to a hospital for surgical treatment. The Presbyterian Hospital was decided upon and the record of that institution shows that she resided there on the afternoon of April 22. Her condition was alarming, as is evidenced by the fact that she was not allowed to leave the hospital until September 12. While there an operation was performed upon her by Dr. McBurney.

While at the hospital she met a young woman, Miss Julia Brand by name, and a native of Memphis, Tenn., who was studying to be a trained nurse. A warm intimacy sprang up between Mrs. Potter and Miss Brand, and when the former left the hospital she exacted a promise from Miss Brand that as soon as she (Mrs. Potter) was permanently settled in a new home that her friend would come and live with her.

Mrs. Potter went to live at the Empire Hotel, remaining there through the Winter, but when late Spring arrived she went to Narragansett Pier, and took quarters with her maid, at the Rockingham. She remained there all Summer, and among her admirers was Mr. Wyndham-Quin, well known as a cousin of Lord Dunsany, the yachtsman.

How She Met Young Shepard.

It was through Mr. Wyndham-Quin that Mrs. Potter met the young man who was destined to become her husband. This was shortly after her return from the Pier in last September. She took apartments at No. 244 West Fifty-second street, and a once sent for Miss Brand to redeem her promise, with the result that the young southern woman took up her home with her former hospital charge.

When Mrs. Potter met young Shepard she was then taking a special course at Harvard, so was not in the city for very long at any time. But after he left Harvard he came to New York and took up his abode on Fifty-second street. His acquaintances, later in the season, his colleagues were